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UNION, THE CONSTITUTION, AND THE LAWS—THE GUARDIANS OF OUR LIBERTY.

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From the Columbus Journal & Register.

O YES! I TAKE THE PAPERS!

BY GEO. B. WALLIS.

Oh yes! I take the papers—  
Their trifling cost is never missed,  
Although I've stood for forty years  
Upon the printer's list.

Talk not of warriors—Faust released  
Earth from the terror of her kings;  
He twisted his Stick and Darkness ceased,  
And morning streaked along the East,

On Freedom's burnished wings.

Oh yes! I take the papers,  
And sons and daughters, tall and small;  
For they have been, through thick and thin,  
The pastime of us all.

I'm nobly said, that should a star  
Be stricken from the dome of Night,  
A printing press, if stationed there,  
Would fit the vacuum to a hair,

And shed a broader light.

That man who takes no papers,  
Or taking, pays not when they're read,  
Would sell his corn to buy a "horn,"

And live on borrowed bread.

The printer opens the wide domains  
Of Science; scatters Education  
All o'er the land, like April rains:

And yet his labor and his pains  
Are half his compensation.

Printing Office, May, 1838.

From the New York Mirror.

THOUGHTS ON MODESTY.

The other side of the question.

Mrs. Shandy was sure, (for she had heard her husband say so,) that the world either went round or stood still. She did not exactly remember which—but of one or the other she was certain. I could have put Mrs. Shandy precisely right on that subject. The world goes round. This great Globe, with its mountains, seas and palaces, its towns, fleets, and armies, is, after all, but a whirling; a button-blazing round on invisible strings; a top as'ep in space. We should not be surprised that the affairs of a place constructed on such a principle, should be rather as it were changeable. That there should be ups and downs, and goings round in it. That in their turns, the rich should be poor; the happy miserable; the wise foolish; the foolish wise; and that, in short, there should be the very deuce to pay. As society advances, the principle of revolution is visible where one would least expect it; and some of the most (apparently) immutable virtues and vices will, by and by, change their character; and the qualities which, in one age, make a good fellow, may constitute a great rascal in the next. Certain faults may come in vogue, and virtues now feigned, if not practised, may go entirely out of fashion. I think modesty will, one of these days, suffer at last. I think modesty will go out of fashion.

And yet, if there is any thing graceful, any thing calculated to disarm criticism, to palliate defect, to adorn virtues, it is this. "Modesty" has been never used but as a term of praise. How carefully it is indicated upon the school boy:

"Mamma?"  
"What, my love."  
"May I have a piece of cake?"  
"No, my dear."  
"I'm very hungry, mama."  
"Little boys, my dear, should never ask for things." Or,  
"Henry, what are you about, my love?"  
"Getting a piece of pie, pa."

"Haven't I told you a thousand times that children must never help themselves!" Or,  
"John, what are you going to do with your orange?"  
"Eat it, sir."  
"What, alone?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Are you not going to divide it with Frederick? Cut it in two, and give Fred the largest piece."

How graceful these virtues are! How becoming to youth! Yet may they not be taught too indiscriminately? Are they not things to be afterwards unlearned? As the boy grows into manhood, are they feasible? Is this a world where people must not ask for things? Does the lawyer, the soldier, the statesman, or the merchant succeed in his career, by not helping himself? and is society so constructed that individuals can wisely give the largest share of their goods and chattels to their neighbors? I have had some casual dealings with mankind, enough to see how things go; but I have never met, or very rarely, any thing of this sort out of the nursery. Some of my friends own houses. Dear old Mr. B. has thirteen; free, unnumbered property. I have visited B. often. We are on terms of the most familiar intimacy. But B. has never presented me with seven of the thirteen houses. He has never given me one. Nay, I occupied one a year, and

the amiable old fellow who came and drank my wine and ate my strawberries-and-milk, would not re-paper the rooms, or mend the cellar, or paint the entry, or cut a door through the bed room into the adjoining dressing room. At last he paid me a visit one day with a long story of the "times," and raised on me fifty dollars.

I myself practised modesty when I was a young man. I had the most absurd notions of generosity and confidence in other people. I used to tell folks who presented bills, particularly if they had clean shirts on, and were civil spoken—

"Oh don't trouble yourself to give me a receipt. I can never have any difficulty with you."

If a friend came with a note to be endorsed—

"My dear fellow, certainly, with—the greatest pleasure."

If one asked to borrow anything of me—

"Unquestionably, help yourself."

I have, when a little flush, gone to folks and said—

"Pray, won't you let me lend you some money?"

And when, by any chance, they came to repay it, I used to blush and stammer—

"Nonsense! Don't think of it!"

And this, too, perhaps, when I really wanted the cash, but was too modest to take what was my own.

Yes! I have carried modesty with me till I am tired of it. I have fairly worn out. I have analyzed it and it is not what I thought it was. It must be taken with discretion and moderation, like wine and other hurtful beverages. It is an error of youth, the child of ignorance and inexperience. It is an affection. It evaporates with age. Show me your modest men of fifty who have lived in the world!

As to the changes of character and fashion likely to be undergone by this and other virtues, I believe, before many hundred years, the world will acknowledge the truth of my system. Such things have been. It was once a disgrace to know how to read and write. It was once an honor to be a knight-errant, that is, to take the law into your own hands. What would this be now? Bar-glory! highway robbery! petty larceny! assault and battery! These are the modern names of chivalry. Your knights-errants, now-a-days, are sent to Sing Sing and Blackwell's Island. *Richard coeur de Lions* are hanged!

I should not wonder if, one of these days, a similar change were to take place in the estimation in which are held your modest men; and instead of being covered with praise, as at present, they should be spoken of slightly—"A poor, modest fellow; no matter what you do to him!"

I have a friend who is modest. I

have endeavored to cure him of what I believe will one day be regarded as a very unprofitable as well as ill bred peculiarity. It is, in fact, a sort of selfishness; a want of energy, decision and courage; a weakness; a disease of the nerves. I

have treated my friend with rough remedies, and endeavored to regenerate his mental and moral constitution; but I had rather undertake the cure of the gout or chronic rheumatism. It is in the fellow's blood, I believe. He will never be perfectly free from it.

We were babies and school mates together. I am told that even when an infant, if any one entered the room during a fit of pain and screaming, he would stop his cries in an instant; the tears would stand motionless upon his cheeks, and he would open his great round eyes in perfect silence, abashed that a stranger should witness his taurums. As a boy he was modest in its worst form. He used to refuse to be helped a second time when half starved, and nearly killed himself once by standing outside the door rather than come by the fire. The boys

thought he was a coward, he shunned quarrels so fearfully; till one day being vexed too far, he forgot, for five minutes, his complaint, and gave an overgrown

bully such a dressing, for striking a little boy whom he loved, that he regained his character in that particular. His modesty operated very injuriously upon his education, as he was fairly ashamed to compete with boys whom, had he but thought so, he could have distanced.

As a man he remained backward, silent

—inclined to take nothing from the good

—inclined to take nothing from the good of the world; nay to give up to whoever demanded, all he had for himself. I have known him, on board an Albany steamboat, resign his seat at breakfast table to a stranger. I have known him lend a person his umbrella and get wet himself. If you spoke to him, a painful blush suffused his cheeks, forehead, and ears; and if you trod on his toe, he begged your pardon. Unluckily for him, he had a fortune, and was not driven into the struggle of the world—that would have cured him. He did not think he had sufficient abilities for any profession. He applied himself seriously to nothing. He thought nature had denied him a memory, and that he could not retain what he had. He sneaked through life; hiding himself from all eyes, as if he had been an outcast; and in company, when compelled to go there, the wall. I pay my bills if I can. I am very careful not to infringe upon their rights; and when I tread on their feet I ask their

generally in a corner, or behind a door, lurking and skulking about, as if watching an opportunity to pick somebody's pocket. At a dinner party he passed for a fool. He sipped the dishes near him whether he liked them or not; drank whenever he was asked, because he was afraid to refuse; took every one for a great man who swaggered and talked large; and made enemies of people by keeping away from them as if he meant to slight them. The idea of being introduced to any one put him in a fever; and being called once as witness in a court of justice, he stammered, contradicted himself, and made such a piece of work of it, that his friend lost his cause, because the jury did not believe he told the truth. Some think him proud; others affected; others aristocratic in the choice of his acquaintances; others that he is fickle, and takes offence easily; others that he is sly; others that he is a fool; and all because he is afflicted with the unmeaning disease called modesty—which he has heard praised till he thinks it a virtue, and which prevents the man from showing the man as he is. The truth is, his nature is, in some degree, weak, and he has also fallen into a metaphysical error. In every proper dislike to impudence, he has fallen into the opposite failing of modesty. One is certainly forever lauded; the other condemned. But I contend that one is about as undesirable as the other. The world, taken as an individual, is cunning. It praises modesty. Why? So that it can have its will; so that it can choose the best of every thing. So that we poor devils, who allow ourselves to be taken in by its interested eulogies, may stand out of the way; may offer it our tribute; may bring it with our tithe piggies; may let it play the prince, and sleep while we work. The world is an old fox! Out upon it! I am its equal. I am as good as it any day. I go by the law. I have a right to my dinner. I came here upon the earth to eat, and drink, and sleep, and enjoy myself as well as other people. I lend nobody my umbrella. I give no steamboat man my place at the breakfast table! I do not blush beneath the gaze of any one. Who are other people—the very best of them? Pooh! for other people! Have they money, rank, family? so have I! Or, if I have not, it's no fault of mine! Who are your great authors and orators? your statesmen and rich merchants? your merchants and rich manufacturers? Who are your generals and great personages? Who are they, after all? Were they not born of Adam? Does nature care for them? Don't the sea spit in their worshipers' faces? Don't the cholera carry them off? Does the toothache beg their pardon and call next door at the shoemaker's? What is the world? Beshrew it! A fiddlestick for it! I snap my finger under its nose. Let it strut—who cares? Who'll strut a hundred years hence? Shall I be confined—shall I be put out of countenance—shall I bow and blush and stammer, and lose my self respect, and forget my identity, and strike my colors, and surrender my fortress, at the sight of a handful of dirt and ashes—knocked up ever so cunningly, tucked out in gold leaf and bright stones, with a feather stuck in its hat? Is it a millionaire? Is it a politician? Is it a prince? Is it a soldier? Or is it a great or even a good man who expects me to get out of his way? to give him my seat in the steamboat? to lend him my umbrella? By our common father, Adam, he must not think of it. He does not know me. I am a man—an honest man, "Sicca!" What is there better anywhere? I know where it is. I know where it is holow; where it is fleeting; where it is all show; all smoke. I know where to bend and to do reverence. I know how to be modest when alone; modest before myself; modest at night under the silent heaven; modest on the summit of a mountain, with plains, rivers, fields, and towns spread far beneath my feet. I am modest when I see the eagles cleaving through heaven, disappearing from the earth, and leaving it in scorn behind. I am modest when I look on the bee at his patient toil; on the ant working in the sand. I pause and tread aside. I respect those unpretending and honest little creatures. Never have I injured one willingly. I am modest before an elephant, whose rageous silence seems to say, "Man, you should be caged as I am, if you had your due." I am modest when I find the sweet violet half hidden in the wood, breathing its little perfume upon the air; or when I walk through the deep woods, or over the broad hills, lying century after century in the sunshine. I am modest when a calm and unprejudiced preacher utters truth from the holy desk. I am modest over the graves of the young and the good.

But before my co-mates here on earth—before the set of scrabbling fortune hunters and mere pleasure seekers, running up and down our streets, traversing backward and forwards on rivers, crowding to our places of amusement—no—I avow it—I am not what is called modest before these. I turn out for them on the walk. I give the females among them the wall. I pay my bills if I can. I am very careful not to infringe upon their rights; and when I tread on their feet I ask their

pardon. They shall have nothing to complain of. Nay, I will, when not an unreasonale sacrifice, get out of my path to do them a favor. I would pull any of them out of a ditch, or tell them when they have dropped their much loved purses. But as for bowing down before them; as for stammering and turning red; as for feeling that the best of them are any thing more than my fellow men; no, by'r Lady. Why should I?

From the Marengo (Alab.) Gazette.

THE CHIEF SKUNK.

A PLAY IN ONE ACT.

SCENE—A splendid apartment in the President's house, on one side of which hangs Mr. Van Buren's portrait, which cost six hundred dollars, and opposite to it General Washington's, which cost fifty dollars, paid for out of the treasury of the United States.

Enter Mr. Ritchie, Van Buren, and Mr. Kendall.

Mr. Ritchie. Gentlemen, the game is

all over with us, unless some master

stroke of policy can be conceived to

put Mr. Clay down in the South.

Mr. Van Buren. I have endeavored

strictly to follow in the footsteps of my illustrious predecessor; will not that assure

satisfy them? will not that at least go

down in the South?

Mr. Ritchie. No, your Excellency;

listen to the following extract from the

Marengo Gazette, and your Excellency

will perceive the state of feeling in the

South on this subject. (Reads.) "During

the revolutionary war, when we had

not a sail on the ocean, when we had no

credit abroad, when we were burdened

with a large army, when we had not a

dollar in the treasury, and were contend

ing with a mighty nation for our indepen

dence, it was necessary for the Govern

ment to issue treasury notes; but where

can any thing be found to justify the pre

sent administration in having adopted a

similar policy? When Mr. Van Buren

came into office, not two years since, our

shipping covered every river, lake and

sea; commerce, alone, yielded an annual

contribution to the treasury of fifteen millions

of surplus money in the treasury—we owed

nothing. That good Whig measure, the

sinking fund, for which we are mainly

indebted to Mr. Clay's party, had entire

ly relieved us of debt; but notwithstanding

all this, the treasury is now in a bank

rupt condition, and Mr. Van Buren has

created a national debt of twenty millions

of dollars by the issue of treasury notes,

which debt the people must be taxed to

pay. The expenses of the government,

too, have been increased from eleven mil

lions in Mr. Adams's time, to the alarm

ing sum of thirty-nine millions of dollars

in Mr. Van Buren's time. Where is the

retrenchment and reform that was pro

posed to the people?"

Mr. Van Buren. And cannot we draw

an address from the hermitage to overaw

and silence these impudent scribblers?

Will not our illustrious predecessor come

up to our help?

Mr. Ritchie. No, your Excellency, it is

believed that the honest old Roman

### DESERTED CITY.

The following account of the wonder-  
ful and deserted city of Petra is extract-  
ed from Stevens's *Travels* in the East.  
Petra was once a celebrated City and is  
situated in the valley of Edom, near the  
Dead Sea.

"This ancient extraordinary city is situated within a natural amphitheatre of two or three miles in circumference, encompassed on all sides by rugged mountains five or six hundred feet in height. The whole of this area is now a waste of ruins, dwelling houses, palaces, temples, and triumphal arches, all prostrate together in undistinguishable confusion. The sides of the mountains are cut smooth, in a perpendicular direction, and filled with long and continued ranges of dwelling houses, temples, and tombs, excavated with vast labor out of the solid rock; and while their summits present Nature in her wildest and savage form, their bases are adorned with all the beauty of architecture and art, with columns, and porticos, and pediments, and rangers of corridors, enduring as the mountains out of which they are hewn, and fresh, as if the work of a generation scarcely yet gone by. Nothing can be finer than the immense rocky rampart which encloses the city. Strong, firm and immovable as nature itself, it seems to deride the walls of cities, and the puny fortifications of skilful engineers. The only access is by clambering over the wall of stone, practicable only in one place, or by an entrance most extraordinary that nature, in her wildest freaks, has ever framed. The loftiest portals ever raised by the hands of man, the proudest monuments of architectural skill and daring, sink into insignificance by the comparison. It is, perhaps, the most wonderful object in the world, except the ruins of the city to which it forms the entrance. Bark-hards had been accosted, immediately upon his entry, by a large party of Bedouins, and had been suffered to remain but a very short time. I expected a scene of some kind, but at the entrance of the city there was not a creature to dispute our passage; its portals were wide open, and we passed along the stream down into the area, and still no man came to oppose us. We moved to the extreme end of the area; and when in the act of dismounting at the foot of the rock on which stood the temple that had constantly faced us, we saw one solitary Arab straggling along without any apparent object, a mere wanderer among the ruins; and it is not an uninteresting fact that this poor Bedouin was the only living being we saw in the desolate city of Petra. After gazing at us for a few moments from a distance, he came towards us, and in a few moments was sitting down to pipes and coffee with my companion."

We have read this little volume with pleasure, and recommend it to the perusal of our young friends of both sexes, and especially to our young married friends, as the advice it contains is solid and excellent.

*Nat. Intel.*

"This! this! do culprits cry,  
To hide their shame and infamy."

The "Standard," in excusing itself for omitting certain *unfavorable* returns of the late election, declares that "We cannot consent to copy them from federal sources, because we have no confidence in them." Now, without stopping to inquire how far such language as this is consistent with the rules of the Editorial Convention, to which the Editor professes to adhere so strictly, we would ask who constituted the "Standard" the sole umpire of the veracity of its contemporaries? If we mistake not, the *Convention* appointed no such Officer; at least, the members of that body would hardly have looked to *Sodom* for righteously.

Among the ruins is a circular theatre, cut out of the solid rock, containing 33 rows of seats, and capable of holding 3000 people. Although the front pillars have fallen, yet the whole theatre, says Mr. Stevens, is in such a state of preservation that "if the tenants of the tombs around could once more rise into life, they might take their places on the seats." Where, he exclaims, "are ye, inhabitants of this desolate city? ye, who once sat on the seats of this theatre, the young, the high-born, the beautiful and brave; who once rejoiced in your riches and power, and lived as if there was no grave; where are ye now? Even the very tombs whose open doors are stretching away in long ranges before the eyes of the wandering traveller, cannot reveal your doom. Your dry bones are gone. The robber has invaded your grave, and your very ashes have been swept away to make room for the wandering Arab of the desert."

No description without the aid of plates, can give an adequate conception of the ruins of this wonderful city. Sufficient may be gathered from the preceding account, to convince every reader, that Petra was once a populous, wealthy and luxurious city, adorned with temples, arches and theatres; and that it was for a thousand years utterly forgotten, and that it is now destitute of a single inhabitant.

The most interesting and important consideration connected with the city is, that its ruin is a distinct fulfilment of the ancient prophecies. Jeremiah, Isaiah, Amos, Joel, Obadiah, and Malachi, have announced the desolation of Edom, and some of them in language which most graphically describes the situation of Petra, "in the clefts of the rocks," and "in the height of the hill." Mr. Stevens says: "And all the terrible denunciations against the land of Idumea, her cities and the inhabitants thereof, this proud city among the rocks' doubtless for its extraordinary sins, was always marked as a subject of extraordinary vengeance. I have sworn by myself, saith the Lord, that Edom (the strong or fortified city) shall become a desolation, a reproach and a waste and a curse, and all the cities thereof shall be perpetual waste. I will make thee small among the heathen, and despised among men. Thy terribleness hath deceived thee, and the pride of thine heart, O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, that holdest the height of the hill; though thou shouldest make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord." They shall call the nobles thereof to the kingdom, but none shall be there, and all her princes shall be nothing; and thorns shall come up in her places, nests and brambles in the fagusses thereof, and it shall be a habitation for dragons, and a court for owls."

I would that the skeptic could stand as I did, among the ruins of this city among the rocks, and there open the sacred book

*Raleigh Register.*

and read the words of the inspired pen man, written when this desolate place was one of the greatest cities in the world.

*Philosophy and Common Sense.*—Mr. M. Carey (now in his 79th year, and doubtless one of the oldest writers and publishers in the Union,) has just issued from the press a very useful pocket volume of 170 pages, with the above title. In his preface the venerable author thus expresses himself: "I have resolved to republish my Rules for the conduct of married life, and Reflections on the relation between masters and mistresses and domestics. I have, in addition, now written my experience in the domestic education of children, and regulations for the conduct of young men entering into business, and, to make up the volume, I have added some few of the fugitive pieces, which, during fifty years, I have occasionally amused myself in writing for the Columbian Magazine, Bradford's Port Folio, and other works." Speaking of the inappreciable importance of early education, he adds: "I have brought up seven children, (one, angelic, I lost at 16 or 17.) and I never struck one of them with a rod, or any other instrument of correction, though it is well known that I cannot lay claim to any extraordinary degree of equanimity of temper. I never but twice inflicted on any of my children a regular chastisement, and that was with the palm of my hand. I rarely refused their requests, and never a reasonable one, and yet I never gave directions to any one of them about the compliance with which there was any hesitation." His reason for touching this subject is to prove that the business of education may be conducted with ease, provided a regular and judicious system be pursued; that its difficulties are immensely magnified, and that they arise almost universally from the errors of parents—from their total want of system, or their erroneous systems—from their foolish and pernicious indulgence—or from their want of resolution to enforce their rules, when they have any, which, by the way, is not often the case."

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From the National Intelligencer.

The system of dragging, practised by the organs of "the party" upon all members thereof who exhibit any thing like honest independence, does not always answer. In the speech of Mr. Senator Tallmadge, which we lately had occasion to publish, it was nobly and gallantly rebuked. We are glad to see evidence of a like spirit on the part of the Conservatives of the South, and especially in a letter from Mr. Grantland, Representative in Congress from Georgia, vindicating himself from imputations cast upon him by the Washington correspondent of one of the newspapers of his state. We extract from it the following passage, distinguished by a manly and truly Republican spirit:

"Am I to understand that I was selected as one of nine to represent the gallant state of Georgia in the first deliberative body in the world—the Congress of the United States—to play the part of a miserable tool, to be used for any and every purpose, as a majority of my party choose to convert me? Am I to have no opinion of my own, but spaniel-like, to follow on as commanded? And is this the character that would obtain favor with the people I represent? No, no! I will not, I cannot believe my native state would ever consent to see her representative on the floor of Congress play the tame, headless, and corrupt part of following the lead of any man, or set men, unless he believed it correct. I do not believe my constituents would differ with me, if they knew the ground of my decision in the Mississippi case. But if they, or any portion, large or small, claimed of me to do violence to my conscience, in giving a vote against the constitution, either for the purpose of acting with a majority of my friends in Congress, or any other reason, I tell them to their teeth, I am not their man. Sooner will I bury myself in the coldest corner of the deepest cavern, where the light of heaven should never shine upon me, than have it said of me that I had played so infamous a part in the councils of my country. I sincerely rejoice that I had, on that occasion, moral firmness to discharge my duty to the constitution, my constituents, and my own character. And in this conviction, I will add, I cannot envy the feelings of the man, much less his principles, that holds the opposite doctrine as the rule of his conduct."

Star.

because this plan never suggested itself to our opponents, that it has not been adopted, we anticipate its immediate adoption, by acclamation. We look for the speedy relinquishment of his stock by the wealthy Stockholder, who regards the banks as vampires, sucking the blood of the "dear people,"—the retirement in disgust of the Director and officer, who have such a horror of the corrupting influence of banks,—the refusal to receive a fee, and the resignation of his office, by the Bank attorney, who believing all banks to be unconstitutional, cannot consent to sue for a judgment against a delinquent debtor. And last, but not least, that all the faithful will at once and forever, refuse to sell goods, or do any manner of labor, for the "worthless bank狂s," for which they have such a thorough contempt. *Fayetteville Obs.*

*National Debt and State of the Treasury.*—The facility with which men may profess one thing and practice another, is strikingly illustrated by the extravagance and prodigality of the party in power. They go into office by promises of retrenchment and economy; but since they have held the reins of Government, the public expenditures have been trebled—an overflowing Treasury has been exhausted, and a NATIONAL DEBT of twenty-six millions of dollars contracted! The Madisonian furnishes a statement which shows, that notwithstanding the issue of ten millions of Treasury Notes, authorized at the last session of Congress, the Treasury will, on the 1st January next, be drained of its very last cent, except \$800,000 reserved for the mint, and the amount will be in debt \$26,600,000! The wheels of government must then be stopped, or the national debt increased; and if no check can be put to the extravagance of the administration, this debt must continue to augment until it will become necessary to resort to *direct taxation* to pay it. Will the people submit to this? Will they bear this burden for the pleasure of being governed by a set of men whose only merit is to discourse sweetly of "democracy"? Is there any thing in the acts of these modern democrats that resembles the plain old fashioned democracy that characterized the fathers of the republic? and can the people any longer be deceived by their siren voice?

Star.

From the Columbia Observer

*Public Meeting in Bedford County—Wiles of the Enemy rebuked!*

For some weeks past the *Loco-Foco* in Bedford have been drumming up a public meeting, to be held by "the friends of Judge White" with a view of passing resolutions declaratory of the determination of certain *White* men to fall back to the support of *Martin Van Buren*. At length they pitched upon a day, and one thousand handbills were printed in the Loco-Foco printing office in Shelbyville, and circulated, calling a public meeting of the "White men" of Bedford on the 21st inst. (last Saturday.) Well, the day came, and with it came cords of *Van Buren* men, with a string of resolutions, to be passed as the resolutions of a genuine "meeting of the friends of Judge White"—but

For what, I ask, am I proscribed?

For the exercise of an honest difference of opinion from the President in regard to the sub-Treasury. When with emotions of gratitude I accepted at your hands the high and responsible station of your representatives in Congress, I took it as a freeman, from the hands of freemen, free to think and to act as duty might prompt, and love of country inspire. Did you send me here [to Washington] to be the tool, the slave of the Executive, to do his bidding by instinct—to see with his eyes, to hear with his ears, and to be the mere registrar of his rescripts? Is this Republican doctrine? Are the representatives of the People mere automata, to be worked by the pulling of executive wires? If so, why not at once make the President a tyrant, by investing him with the legislative robe? It is mockery to talk of independent legislation if such doctrine prevails. It results in this: If a member of Congress dare dissent from an Executive recommendation, it follows that he becomes the object of reviling, of ostracism, and outlawry. Are the messages of the President edicts? If so, why pass through the ceremony of discussing them in Congress? Let them at once be enrolled as the laws of the land. This course would save much time and expense in the attendance of members, and vastly simplify the machinery of Government. It would save much self degradation and debasement of members, and dispense with the valuable services of the fawning sycophants of power. Then we shall know on whom the exclusive responsibility of measures should rest. Now the puppets of legislation share in the responsibility which, if this doctrine of subserviency be correct, they should not, as they dare to travel only in the direction pointed out by the executive finger board. If this doctrine be correct, abolish Congress, invest the tenant of the White House with the imperial purple, and declare him supreme dictator for life. Has it come to this, that a dissent from the President subjects the dissenter to the infliction of party penalties, and to ejection from the pale of the Democratic church? If so, who would wish to hold rank in the party by such an humiliating tenure?"

From the United States Gazette.

**MOST TRUE.**

The New York Evening Post, a regular and consistent Loco Foco paper, says:

"We are sick, as Charles Lamb would say, of perpetual Biddle. But what can we do?"

Aye, there is the rub—what can the party do? They crevied by a most infamous course, in preventing the renewal of the charter of the United States Bank, by their perpetual cry of Biddle-rule, Biddle-power, Biddle bank, &c. &c.—and when the people of Pennsylvania granted a charter—Biddle corruption and Biddle-triumph, were sounded until the ear ached with the sounds. But, the Government having wasted its treasury, spent and squandered its income, found itself unable to pay its pensions. The United States Bank was appealed to, and Biddle! Biddle! Biddle saved them from the disgrace of protested drafts in favor of the old soldiers and their widows. The Starlings of the Loco Foco press again cried Biddle! Biddle! Biddle—and the members of Congress echoed the sound, shaking their Jackson collars as accompaniment. But again the government went dry—again she applies for aid, and again she is relieved. Well may the Loco Foco exclaim, *what can we do?* The Post is sick of perpetual Biddle—so were the Athenians sick of hearing the perpetual cry of Aristides! Aristides! Aristides! the Just! But what could they do?"

A PROPOSITION FOR OUR VAN BUREN FRIENDS.

The patriotic intentions of "the party," to force their opponents to the adoption of their own peculiar views on the subject of hard money, having been defeated by Congress, we have a proposition to make to them, which we think cannot fail to meet their approbation, and accomplish their object; so far as they themselves are concerned.

The members of the party, one and all, having such a horror of banks, bank offices, and bank notes, we respectfully propose that they forthwith sell or give away all the bank stock they hold, resign all their offices in banks, and resolve themselves to receive no bank notes, but to sell all their goods, receive all their fees, and pay all their debts, in hard money, only.

As we take it for granted that it is only

because this plan never suggested itself to our opponents, that it has not been adopted, we anticipate its immediate adoption, by acclamation. We look for the speedy relinquishment of his stock by the wealthy Stockholder, who regards the banks as vampires, sucking the blood of the "dear people,"—the retirement in disgust of the Director and officer, who have such a horror of the corrupting influence of banks,—the refusal to receive a fee, and the resignation of his office, by the Bank attorney, who believing all banks to be unconstitutional, cannot consent to sue for a judgment against a delinquent debtor. And last, but not least, that all the faithful will at once and forever, refuse to sell goods, or do any manner of labor, for the "worthless bank狂s," for which they have such a thorough contempt. *Fayetteville Obs.*

From the Alexandria Gazette.

*Editorial Writings.*—A few days ago the National Intelligencer had some sensible remarks on the subject of editing a paper. One idea expressed frequently struck us with great force. Many people estimate the ability of a newspaper, and the industry and talents of its editor, by the variety and quantity of editorial matter which it contains. Nothing can be more fallacious. It is comparatively an easy task for a frisky writer to pour out, daily, columns of words—words, upon any and all subjects. His ideas may flow in "one weak, wavy, everlasting flood," and his command of language may enable him to string them together like bunches of onions; and yet his paper may be a meager and poor concern. But what is the labor, the toil of such a man, who displays his "leading matter" ever so largely, to that imposed upon the judicious, well-informed editor, who exercises his vocation with an hourly consciousness of its responsibilities and its duties, and devotes himself to the conduct of his paper with the same care and assiduity that a sensible lawyer bestows upon a suit, or a humane physician upon a patient—without regard to show or display! Indeed, the mere writing part, of editing a paper, is but a small portion of the work. The *industry* is not even shown there. The care, the taste, the time, employed in *selecting* is far more important—and the tact of a good editor is better shown by his selections than by any thing else; and that, we all know, is half the battle. But, as we have said, an editor ought to be estimable, and his labors understood and appreciated, by the general conduct of his paper—is tone—is temper—is manner—is uniform, consistent course—is principles—is aims—is manliness—is courtesy—is dignity—is propriety. To preserve all these, as they should be preserved, is enough to occupy fully the time and attention of any man. If to this be added the general supervision of the newspaper establishment, which most editors have to encounter, the wonder is, how they can find time, or "head room," to write at all!

The following extract from the Watchman, a Florida paper, has been sent to us for publication. The Editor, it will be seen, says that Gov. Branch has never become an actual citizen of the territory:

*Western Carolinian.*

"We observe by a correspondence in the North Carolina papers, that the Hon. John Branch is a candidate for Governor of that state.

"We regret this exceedingly; we had hoped that Gov. B. would be a member of our Convention to be held at St. Joseph, December next. His long experience in public life, the consistency, integrity and independence which have marked his political career, made it an object of great desire with a large and respectable portion of the people of this county, to obtain his services in the important work of framing a Constitution for the people of Florida. There will be no little disappointment on this subject. We had ourselves expected something different, and we had a right to do so. It is, however, but fair to add, that though Gov. B. has been a winter resident in our neighborhood for several years past, and has a large planting interest here, he has never participated in our political contests, nor exercised any political rights in Florida, and has never, therefore, been strictly a permanent resident of Florida, nor a citizen. Our laws permitting his service in the capacity mentioned, his friends determined, as already stated, to avail themselves of the defect, and required his services accordingly.

An Indian council with the Pottawatomies of the Wabash, was held by Col. Pepper at Plymouth, Indiana, July 17th.

Sangaw, for the chiefs, expressed, in very explicit terms, their unwillingness to quit for the West.

"His iconic speech of ten lines is a caution to the Colonel's three-columned congressional harangue, Sangaw said:

"My chiefs have all heard and considered upon what you told us, and you shall hear what they now say. When you asked my chiefs an expression of their opinion relative to removal, they were glad, and appointed this day to give you an answer."

"My father—You have asked my chiefs and all present to go west of the Mississippi—they have all told me to say they would not go. The Great Spirit desires us to live in peace with all men. We want the United States to pay us our annuity, and we don't know but that we will get our land back again, and this is the reason my chiefs are not willing to go west of the Mississippi. We were glad when you mentioned our Great Father, the President. He does not wish to be at variance with any one, and neither do we."

"My father—We heard what you said yesterday, and you have heard what we have just said. We do not want you to say any more on the subject, for if you do, we will not listen to it."

The Indians then immediately arose and departed from the Council.

We command young orators to imitate this Tacitus of the forest.

*More Murders.*—In Florida, on the 29th ult. Mr. Singletary, his wife and two children, were shockingly murdered by the Indians. Only one of the family, a little girl five years of age, miraculously escaped!

In Georgia, on the 22d July, a most horrid butchery took place. The cry of Indians was heard near Camp Wilds. When the troops reached the spot, they found a man, his wife, and four of his own, and two of his sister's children had fallen by the Indians. Among them was a young lady of 18, shot in two places and dirked in another, with about 20 lugs around her, and she still alive, in perfect possession of her senses! A more shocking and heartrending scene could not well be imagined. She died in about 20 minutes. Two children made their escape, who say there was a white man with the Indians. The Indians took shelter in a swamp.

*Raleigh Star.*

**FURTHER FROM HAVANA.**  
From the New Orleans Commercial Bulletin, August 10.

*The Conspiracy at Havana.*—A letter received by a commercial house in this city from a correspondent at Havana, confirms the statement published in the Bulletin of yesterday. The writer says that a Carlist conspiracy had been detected among some of the regiments stationed at Havana, and many arrests and executions had taken place. From this it would seem that we were mistaken as to the cause of the revolt, as originating in dissatisfaction with the removal of Gen. Tauro. The object of the conspirators was to wrest the Government of Cuba from the Queen, and place it in the hands of Don Carlos.



## HILLSBOROUGH.

Thursday, August 23.

We have been requested to state, that the Ladies of the Presbyterian Female Benevolent Society in this place, will have a **FAIR** at the Masonic Hall, on **WEDNESDAY** of the County Court, (the 20th inst.)

We only ask, that the same liberality which was extended to the last Fair, may be continued on the present occasion.

### ELECTION RETURNS.

**Aston**—senate, Josiah White; commons, Patrick H. Winston and George Dunlap, all Whigs.

**Ashe**—commons, Madison N. Nye, V. B.

**Ashe and Wilkes**—senate, Edmund Jones, V.

**Brownick**—commons, Frederick J. Hill, V.

**Buncombe**—commons, M. Patton and P. Bratton, Whigs.

**Burke**—commons, E. J. Erwin, E. D. Miller and William M. Carson, Whigs.

**Burke and Yancy**—senate, Burges S. Gathen, W.

**Cabarrus**—senate, C. Melchor, W. Parsons, D. Bugar, V. B.

**Cumberland and Currituck**—senate, G. Etheridge, V. B.

**Chowan**—commons, — Pain, W.

**Chowan and Gates**—senate, — Spilley, V. B.

**Diplin**—senate, James K. Hill; commons, James Jarmon and Hampton Sulivan, all V. B.

**Gates**—commons, Wm. Stalling, V. B.

**Hersford**—senate, Thomas B. Sharp, commons, Kenneth Raynor, Whigs.

**Iredell**—senate, George F. Davidson; commons, Joseph P. Caldwell, John A. Young and John H. M. Laughlin, Whigs.

**Lincoln**—senate, M. Reinhart; commons, M. Hoke, J. Kilian and O. Holland, all V. B.

**Montgomery**—commons, Wm. Harris and Thomas Pemberton, Whigs.

**Montgomery & Moore**—senate, John Montgomery, W.

**Moore**—commons, J. A. D. McNeill, V. B.

**Onslow**—senate, Joshua Foy; commons, J. B. Pollock, V. B.

**Pasquotank**—commons, A. G. Proctor, W.

**Pasquotank and Perquimons**—senate, William B. Shepard, W.

**Randolph**—senate, Jonathan Redding; commons, Zebulon Rush and William B. Lane, all Whigs.

**Richmond**—commons, George Thomas and Duncan M. Laurin, Whigs.

**Robeson**—commons, Oliver K. Toton and James Blount, V. B.

**Richmond & Robeson**—senate, Alfred Dockery, W.

**Rutherford**—senate, James M. D. Carson; commons, William T. Miller, William E. Mills and Thomas Jefferson, all Whigs.

**Sampson**—senate, Thomas Bunting, V. B.; Timothy Underwood, W. and D. Sloan, V. B.

**Tyrell**—commons, C. McCleese, W.

**Tyrell and Washington**—senate, H. G. Spruell, W.

**Wilkes**—commons, Eli Petty and W. W. Peden, Whigs.

**Yancy**—commons, Tilman Blalock, W.

— 21

There are 63 counties in the state, sending 50 Senators and 120 members in the House of Commons—in all 170. All the counties have been heard from except Haywood and Macon; if these two counties remain as last year, and the returns received are correct, there will be in the Senate 29 Whigs, and 21 Van Buren; in the House 64 Whigs and 56 Van Buren—giving a majority in each house of 8, and on joint ballot a majority of 16.

In our statement we have put down the Senator from Buncombe as a whig; but as Haywood and Macon form part of the senatorial district, and yet remain to be heard from, this may be an error. Mr. Amis of Northampton we have classed with the Van Buren party, because he is said to be in favor of the sub-treasury scheme; although it is known that he was actively and strenuously opposed to the election of Mr. Van Buren.

In view of so decided a Whig majority in the Legislature, the Standard appears to be driven into a tight place. A short time ago, when John C. Calhoun, and some others of the States Rights party, thought it their interest to unite with the Whigs in opposing the encroachments of the Executive, we were de-

nounced as the "Pic-Bald Party." But all this is now forgotten, and the Standard is constrained to look to this same States Rights party as the forlorn hope upon which rests the preservation of the President's favorite sub-treasury scheme. But we trust that if there shall be any State Rights men in our Legislature, they will not consider the rights of the states as rendered more secure, by placing in the hands of the President the enormous power connected with the control of the public money of the country.

In this general view of the matter, we find some consolation for the mortifying result of the election in our own county. But even here we do not think our opponents have much of which they need boast; and we are sure the editor of the Fayetteville Journal, if he was acquainted with the circumstances, would not say that "Willie P. Mangum has been instructed by his constituents of Orange to stay at home." The truth is, that Willie P. Mangum, in consequence of the informality of one of the returns, was legally elected; and even after wavering this objection, he was left but six votes behind. It appears further, that five legal votes for him were rejected at Chapel Hill, under a misapprehension of the law; because the voters had not resided twelve months in the county, though they were native born citizens, had regularly paid their taxes, and never were out of the state. It will also appear, upon examination, that Col. Sims was elected by Mr. Mangum's friends, he having received at Horner's election (Mangum's neighborhood) 21 votes more than the highest Van Buren candidate. And furthermore, since the election, we have heard Van Buren men, who voted against Mr. Mangum, express a regret that he was not elected. With these facts before him, the editor of the Fayetteville Journal will not venture to repeat the assertion, that Willie P. Mangum has been instructed by his constituents of Orange to stay at home.

With regard to the Senatorial election we shall have but little to say. Mr. Waddell received an increase of 35 votes over his vote two years ago, and this without any exertion except during the regular campaign in July. His opponent, Gen. Allison, after an untiring perseverance of two years, has effected an increase of 101; but it has been suggested, with how much truth we cannot say, that a portion of these new freeholders were created with a special view to the election, and that a part of them, at least, cannot be found on the returns of the assessors. At any rate it does appear not a little extraordinary, when we consider the heat of the contest two years ago, that there should now be an increase of 136 freehold votes.

### GOVERNOR'S ELECTION.

**Counties.**

Dudley, Branch.

Anson, 908 161

Ashe, 433 378

Beaufort, 768 217

Berrie, 403 225

Bladen, 276 359

Brunswick, 310 58

Burke, 1324 278

Cabarrus, 445 158

Carteret, 428 48

Caswell, 248 869

Chatham, 1026 250

Columbus, 186 130

Craven, 519 309

Cumberland, 657 608

Davidson, 1412 70

Edgecombe, 165 500

Franklin, 254 460

Granville, 820 252

Greene, 350 61

Guillord, 1342 139

Hanover, 458 321

Hertford, 325 116

Hyde, 403 225

Iredell, 1324 186

Johnston, 732 142

Jones, 213 39

Lenoir, 221 260

Lincoln, 634 1540

Mecklenburg, 781 979

Montgomery, 949 46

Moore, 555 281

Nash, 186 412

New Hanover, 225 463

Northampton, maj. 75

Onslow, 433 176

Orange, 1480 1308

Pasquotank, 535 211

Perquimons, 383 38

Person, 348 369

Pitt, 637 275

Randolph, 1148 59

Richmond, 504 37

Rowan, 2008 26

Robeson, 453 443

Rockingham, 540 509

Stokes, 1030 800

Surry, 1010 226

Wake, 937 920

Warren, 106 651

Washington, 322 46

Wayne, 383 342

Wilkes, 1232 55

32960 16900

Fourteen counties yet to be heard from, which will probably add considerably to Douglass's majority.

**Mammoth Peach.**—We were yesterday shown a delicious looking Peach, grown in the garden of our neighbor Mr. J. Jones, which weighed twelve ounces, and measured 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches in circumference.

The banks of Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and some other states: resumed specie payments on the 13th instant, according to appointment. No extraordinary run has been made upon any of them. The people have confidence in the banks, and are satisfied.

The Governor of New Jersey has issued his proclamation requiring the banks in that state to resume on the 30th inst.

Election have taken place in Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, and Alabama; but very partial returns only have yet been received.

In Kentucky, things look well. Whig principles continue to prevail, and the Convention project appears to have been completely put down.

In Illinois two counties only have been heard from—the result about as at the last Governor's election.

**Indiana**—six counties, heard from—9 Whigs, 2 Vans.

**Missouri.**—The New York Evening Star of Saturday last announces, on authority of a letter from a correspondent, that in seven counties in Missouri the Whigs were "thirty-two hundred and twenty-nine ahead, and their entire ticket for representatives so far elected."

**Alabama.**—The Raleigh Star has received slip from the office of the Mobile Mercantile Advertiser of the 16th, which gives as the result in 22 counties, 27 Whigs and 26 Vans. We farther learn, from the Marengo Gazette, that the entire Whig ticket has prevailed in Greene county.

While the upper part of our State is suffering from drought, and the hopes of the husbandman are at zero, this immediate neighbourhood has been highly favoured with good seasons. A gentleman, by the cars, informed us that he had seen the finest prospects of a crop between Halifax and Wilmington that had come under his observation between New York and the latter place.

**Wilmington Adv.**

Our spell of warm, dry weather has at length been succeeded by cooling and refreshing rains. Crops were suffering much from the drought, but we learn from an intelligent farmer that the rains of this week will prevent their being ultimately injured to any great extent.

**Newbern Spectator.**

**SUPREME COURT.**—Gaston, J. delivered the opinion of the Court, in Manning v. Waff, in Equity, from Chowan, dismissing the bill.

Also, in Campbell v. Street, from Person, affirming the judgment below.

Also, in Lamb v. Gatlin, in Equity, from Pasquotank; report recommended.

Also, in McNamara v. Irwin, from Rowan, declaring the interlocutory order erroneous, and directing the injunction to be continued until the final hearing.

Also, in Albea v. Griffin et al. in Equity, from Rowan, directing a reference.

Also, in Moore v. Moore, in Equity, from Orange, overruling the exceptions, confirming the report, and directing the Commissioner to collect and pay the moneys into the Court.

Ruffin, C. J. delivered the opinion of the Court, in the case of State v. Leigh, from Perquimons, affirming the judgment below.

Also, in Winslow v. Anderson et al. from Cumberland, reversing the decision of the Court below.

Also, in Palmer v. Bullock et al. in Equity, from Granville; report confirmed and decree accordingly.

Also, in Dozier v. Dozier, in Equity, from Caswell; decree for plaintiffs.

Also, in Hodges v. Hodges; bill dismissed.

Daniel, J. delivered the opinion of the Court, in Mathis v. Mathis, from Sampson, affirming the judgment below.

Also, in Haywood v. Barnett, from Burke, affirming the judgment below.

Also, in McMorne v. Story, from Pasquotank, directing a new trial.

Also, in Fuscue v. Fuscue, in Equity, from Jones, overruling the demurrer.

Also, in Skinner's petition, in Equity, from Perquimons, affirming the order of the Court below.

**Register.**

CHEROKEES.

We understand (says the Alexandria Gazette,) that, at the request of the War Department, Gen. Scott has postponed his visit to the North until the emigration of the Cherokees in September has been completed.

### AND RUIN.

"Come unto you, young men."

To see an immortal mind at any period of its existence, wrecked by intemperance, is a melancholy spectacle. But to look into this whirlpool of perdition and see our young men, whose minds are just opening, whose prospects are bright, and whose career of honorable and benevolent enter, might be long and glorious—to see them carried round and round, and plunging, one after another, into the gulf!—this is heart-withering in the extreme. And yet how much youthful tact, and youthful promise, have been buried in this loathsome grave.

True, the desolation has been, in some measure staid. But still it is sweeping away multitudes who might otherwise be the hope of their country, and the benefactors of their race. The energies of their youth, their love of character, their influence among men, and their hopes of immortal life, are all sacrificed on this altar of abominations.

Should this meet the eye of any young man, who is yet wedded to his cups, or who yet takes an occasional dram, let me beseech him to be instructed by the fate of one, whose prospects were once as flattering as his.

When I commenced a course of study with reference to a public education, W. O. was my classmate. His father, after having spent many years of faithful labor in the ministry, had gone to his rest, and his mother had fastened on him her fondest affections—her highest hopes. His talents were of the first order, and every attention had been paid to their early development. His mind was penetrating, and rapid in its movements; his imagination was brilliant; his memory retentive and ready. In his disposition he was amiable and kind—peculiarly capable of winning the affections of all that knew him. He had every desirable facility for improvement—enough of this world's goods to carry him through an extensive course of study, and establish him in professional life. For a while, his progress rejoiced the hearts of his friends, and awakened the highest expectations. But he took the *poisonous cup!* He drank it. And his sun went down, as it were fully risen.

Before I left the college for which we commenced our preparations together, I looked out of my window and saw him under its walls—a dirty, ragged, friendless vagabond. His property had been squandered away—his mother had died of a broken heart, and he was begging worn-out garments to cover his shame. The next I heard of him was that he was found dead by the way side.

This young man, in point of intellectual endowments, and prospects of future eminence, once had few superiors. And had he dashed from his lips the fatal cup, and swore eternal abstinence, he might now have been standing at the bar of justice, or in the hall of legislation, an object of admiration and of envy.

Young man, wilt thou follow in his footsteps? Or wilt thou have the independence, the magnanimity, the regard to thine own interest in this life, and in another, and the reverence for the laws of thy God to say, that thou wilt taste no more intoxicating drink while the world stands?

*Pastor's Journal.*

**Compliment to New England.**—The following beautiful compliment to New England, was pronounced by the Hon. Wm. B. Shepard, of N. Carolina, in the course of a speech delivered in the United States House of Representatives:

"Did I believe it essential to the prosperity or welfare of the Southern States that the manufacturers of the North should be leveled with the dust, it would be an unpleasant duty to vote a benefit to myself, which would be the entire ruin of another. A few summers ago, while flying from the demon of ill health, I visited New England. I found her towns and villages crowded with an industrious and enterprising population, her hills and valleys resolute with health, prosperity and contentment; every mind seemed to be intent, every head was occupied; the world does not contain a more flourishing community. There the advantages of education are extended to the poorest individual in society, and that society receives its remuneration in his sober, industrious and economical habits. If the divine Plato were alive, he would no longer draw upon his imagination for a specimen of a perfect republic; he would there find a community, in which the humblest individual had the same voice with his more wealthy neighbour, in laying the public burdens for the public welfare. I asked myself if it were possible that the prosperity of this people could be the hot-bed production of an artificial system, or rather if it were not the result of a long continued toil—of an industry that never slept. I looked upon the scene around me with no feelings of murmuring discontent—I felt the more rejoiced because it was a part of my country."

*From the Peoria (Illinois) Register.*

"**Crows versus Alcohol.**—Colonel B. has one of the best farms on the Illinois river. About one hundred acres of it are now covered with waving corn. When it first came up in the spring, the crows seemed determined on its entire destruction. When one was killed it seemed as though a dozen came to its funeral. And though the sharp crack of the rifle often drove them away, they always returned with its echo.

The colonel at length became weary of throwing grass, and resolved on trying

the virtue of stones. He went to the druggist for a gallon of alcohol, in which he soaked a few quarts of corn and scattered it over his field. The black legs came and partook with their usual relish; and as usual they were soon pretty well corned; and such a cawing and cackling—such a strutting and staggering! The scene was like—but I will make no invidious comparison—yet it was very much like—

When the boys attempted to catch them, they were not a little amused at their staggering gait, and their zigzag course through the air. At length they gained the edge of the woods, and there being joined by a new recruit, which happened to be sober, they united at the top of their voices in haw haw hawing, and shouting either the praises or the curses of alcohol. It was difficult to tell which, as they rattled away without rhyme or reason, so very much like—

But the colonel saved his corn. As soon as they became sober, they set their faces steadfastly against alcohol. Not another kernel would they touch in his field, lest it should contain the accused thing, while they went and pulled up the corn of his neighbors. To return like a dog to his vomit—like a washed sow to the mire—like—not they. They have too much respect for their character—black as they are—again to be found drunk."

**Bees are among the most profitable appendages to a farm house or any other sort of house.** They toil with unremitting industry, asking nothing but a full sweep of the wing and no monopoly. Every man, whether in town or country, can keep Bees to decided advantage. Dr. Smith of Boston has an Apiary on his house-top, from whence his little winged laborers traverse the air eight or ten miles in search of food. What a delicious banquet they afford, from the rich nectar gathered.

Nothing like pure honey in the comb, except, as the ancients used to say, the "dew distilled from maiden lips." Its golden hue, uncouth consistency, and the way in which it elaborates itself over a faustidious palate, how delicious! Strange is it that any man possessing a homestead can forego the pleasures of a Bee-hive. Not merely the sweets it affords to sour dispositions and acrid tempers, but the pattern to diligence they exhibit, is worth not a little as a stimulus to all to be frugal and industrious. Let every one keep a Bee-hive.

*Northampton Courier.*

Affection of wisdom often prevents our becoming wise.

### Public Sale.

I SHALL offer for sale, at Chapel Hill, on Friday the 7th day of September next, for cash, the HOUSE and LOTS in Chapel Hill, occupied by Miss Nancy Hilliard. Also a TRACT OF LAND adjoining Lemuel M. Morgan and others, containing one hundred and eleven Acres, more or less, on Bolin's Creek.

At the court house in Hillsborough, on Saturday the 8th day of September, 1838, I will sell Four Unimproved LOTS in Hillsborough, and A TRACT OF LAND near Hillsborough, adjoining Cattell Campbell, esq., and others, on Eno, known as the Christmas Tract, as the property of the heirs of Thomas D. Watts, deceased, under a decree of the Court of Equity in Orange county, in the case of James Webb, Guardian, &c. vs. the heirs of Thos D. Watts, deceased.

**JAMES C. TURRENTINE,** Commissioner.

August 13. 32—

### English Teacher wanted immediately,

TO take charge of the English School at this place. One who can come well recommended will meet with liberal encouragement. Apply to B. Cheek, esq. Magistrate of Police, in person, or by letter post paid.

August 8. 31—6w

### Liston's Practical Surgery.

PRACTICAL SURGERY,  
ILLUSTRATED BY  
ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY ENGRAVINGS.

BY ROBERT LISTON, SURGEON.

WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY G. W. NORRIS, M. D.

One of the Surgeons of the Pennsylvania Hospital.

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Boston: Weeks, Jordan & Co.—New York:

W. Burns, 153, Broadway—Baltimore: N. Hickman—Albany: W. C. Little—Charles-ton: W. H. Barrett, E. P. Boile.

The following works have been published in the first few Nos. of the year:—Kramer on the Diseases of the Ear. Hamilton's Practical Observations on Midwifery. Syme on the Diseases of the Rectum. Osborne on the Nature and Treatment of Tropical Diseases. Green on the Diseases of the Skin. Coulson on Diseases of the Bladder. Besides the numerous articles, cases, &c. contained in the intelligent department.

July, 1838. 31—

**A METHODIST PROTEST-**  
ANT CAMP MEETING will be held at the Ridge Meeting House, commencing on Friday the 8th August.

August 1. 30—

NEATLY & EXPEDITIOUSLY EXECUTED

AT THIS OFFICE. 31—

### FARMER'S HOTEL.



### Mr. Richison Nichols

HAS taken charge of this well known establishment, and is prepared to accommodate Travellers in a comfortable manner.

Stage passengers will find it very convenient, as it is directly opposite the Post Office.

Regular Books will be received on accommo-

dating terms.

August 15. 32—

Earthenware, China, and Glass.

### THOMAS J. BARROW, IMPORTER,

No. 35 Vesey Street, New York,

HAS on sale a complete assortment of choice and desirable articles in the above line, which will be sold to the country trade upon the most favorable terms. The attention of purchasers is respectfully solicited, with the hope of being able to give entire satisfaction in every particular.

New York, July 21. 31—

### Trust Sale.

BY virtue of a deed of trust, executed to me by Margaret Murdoch, for certain purposes therein named, I shall sell at public sale, for cash, on the 7th of September next, at the residence of said Margaret Murdoch,

Two Likely Negroes, one man and one girl.

SAMUEL KERR, Trustee.

August 6. 31—4w

### Imported Sheep.

I WISH to sell my Imported Sheep. The flock consists of two Tups and two Ewes.

It is not in my power to pay the proper attention to them, and if I can get the same price here that is offered for them in the West, would prefer selling them in my native state.

These sheep afford annually from nine to ten pounds of wool, and when dressed, about 100 lbs. of Mutton.

If not sold, they go to Tennessee.

A. J. DAVIE.

August 2. 31—

### Notice.

A Agent of Mrs. ROBERT MODERIWELL, I have placed all the Notes and Accounts, due on the Hillsborough Mercantile House, in the hands of Cad. Jones Attorney, for collection.

W. T. SHIELDS, Agent.

August 5. 31—

STATE OF NORTH-CAROLINA.  
Orange County.

In Equity—March Term, 1838.

Edward Davis and Wife, vs. Original Bill.

Wm. Cain, Esq. and others, vs. Original Bill.

In this case it is ordered that publication be made in the Hillsborough Recorder for six weeks successively, that unless James Davis, Dickens and his wife Mary, William Davis, Susan Davis, and Martha Davis, appear at the next term of this court, to be held at the Court House in Hillsborough, on the second Monday of September next, and plead, answer or demur, or the bill will be heard ex parte as to them.

Given under my hand at office, in Hillsborough, the second Monday of March, 1838.

JAMES WEBB, C. & M. E.

Price Adv. \$4 50. 30—6w

STATE OF NORTH-CAROLINA,  
Orange County.

In Equity—March Term 1838.

Henry Hutchins and others, vs. Original Bill.

Thomas Mitchell and wife, vs. Original Bill.

and others.

In appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that Thomas Mitchell, Frances Potter and her husband, (I married,) David Mitchell, and the other heirs at law of James C. Mitchell, the defendants in this case, are not inhabitants of this state: It is ordered that publication be made in the Hillsborough Recorder for six weeks successively, that unless said defendants appear at the next term of this court, to be held at the court house in Hillsborough, on the second Monday of September next, and then plead, answer or demur, or the bill will be heard ex parte as to them.

Given under my hand at office, in Hillsborough, the second Monday of March, 1838.

JAMES WEBB, C. & M. E.

Price Adv. \$4 50. 30—6w

STATE OF NORTH-CAROLINA,  
Orange County.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions,

May Term, 1838.

John King, vs. Original Attachment to John King.

John Pendegrass & vs. Original Attachment to John Pendegrass.

William Pendegrass, J.

In appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendants in this case are not inhabitants of this state: It is therefore ordered, that publication be made in the Hillsborough Recorder, for six weeks successively, that unless the said defendants appear at the next term of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the county of Orange, at the court house in Hillsborough, on the fourth Monday in August next, and then plead, answer or demur, judgment by default will be entered against them.

JOHN TAYLOR, Clerk.

Price Adv. \$4 50. 30—6w

STATE OF NORTH-CAROLINA,  
Orange County.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions,

May Term, 1838.

James Jackson and wife, and others, vs. Petition to Sell Slaves.

Wm. Robinson and Lizzy his wife, and Michael Ray and Nancy his wife.

In appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendants in this case are not inhabitants of this state: It is therefore ordered, that publication be made in the Hillsborough Recorder, for six weeks successively, that unless the said defendants appear at the next term of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the county of Orange, at the court house in Hillsborough, on the fourth Monday in August next, and then plead, answer or demur, that the petition will be taken pro confesso and heard ex parte.

JOHN TAYLOR, Clerk.

Price Adv. \$4 50. 30—6w

Ladies' Shoes.

The Subscribers have just received a fresh assortment of Ladies Shoes and Slippers, of the best Philadelphia manufacture.

O. F. LONG, & Co.

July 12. 28—

O. F. Long, & Co., have also on hand,

50 Sacks of Salt,

20 Boxes Hull's Patent Candles,

3 Boxes Sperm Candles, &c.,

all of which they will sell on the best terms.

July 12. 21—

Job Printing,